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SLEEP-DISTURBERS.

SLEEP is a thing that has been approved of in all ages. The inventor, we believe, is not known; but whoever he was, we accord him with Sancho Panza our heartiest blessing. From the works of the poets alone there might be compiled a list of recommendations of sleep as long as ever was appended to the advertisement of a fashionable novel or a quack medicine. With Young it is "Great Nature's second course," the "balm of hurt minds," "sore labour's bath," "chief nourisher in life's feast," and so forth. With the melancholy Johnson, it is "the parenthesis of human woe." Fuller has a sermon on its blessings. In short, it is a thing which every body admires and has a liking for.

Seeing it is thus appreciated by mankind, how great is the blame due to those who, by any kind of act or omission on their part, tend to disturb their fellow-creatures in the enjoyment of it!

We wish to speak delicately; yet it *must* be told that there is such a thing as snoring. It is a base vice [qu. base voice?], and would degrade the greatest, the loveliest, and the wisest. We would be inclined to say that, if Caesar was addicted to it, he was unfit for the purple; if Cleopatra was notorious for it, she was eminently unworthy of the honour of ruining the third sharer of the world. Had Richard snored in his tent, the ghosts of his victims would have been scared away. It would disown a monarch, and make cheap a sage. Only see a human being in this predicament. The form that by day looks like a winged Mercury alighting on a heaven-kissing hill, is now prostrate, with a ridiculous-looking limb kicked out beyond the bed-clothes. The face, usually seen full of animation and intelligence, is now distorted with a senseless gape, while through the throat and nose pours an intermittent stream of the most unmusical and burlesque sound. Why, the man has become a broken pair of bellows—an insane bagpipe—a grunting pig—any thing but a respectable human being. The only wonder is, that one who can take this shape should ever be able to resume his ordinary daylight form, and be a man again.

In walking through the wilderness of this world, it is not at all times in one's power to obtain a distinct bed-chamber. One is therefore not unfrequently exposed to this tremendous annoyance, particularly in country inns. You fall asleep before your companion, and dream that you are walking in a very delightful park, when suddenly a mad bull catches a sight of you, begins to roar, paws and ploughs up the ground, and by and bye commences a hot chase after you. You run till you are tired, and are at last overtaken by the ferocious animal, whose voice has now increased to a perfect hurricane, when, awakening through extremity of terror, you find that the impressions of your sleeping sensorium have been produced by a noise proceeding from your fellow-sleeper, a noise as of ten coffee-mills, grinding on and on and on, with the most terrific perseverance. Not liking to take so great a liberty with a stranger, you do not attempt to awake him, but rather endeavour to escape the annoyance by sleeping again. This, however, you find no easy matter. You bring the bed-clothes as much as possible over your head, in the hope of stifling the noise. Still it haunts you. You try to draw your own breath hard simultaneously with the struggling respirations of the snorer, with a view to make these less audible; but, being awake while he is asleep, you cannot keep time; so this also fails you. You then endeavour to hear without thinking of it, to dull your senses by professing indifference; but even this expedient, the hardest and most to be grudged of all, is of no use. There it is, not to be overlooked, or forgotten. After you have lain for

hours in a state of torment, the monster changes his posture, and allows a short interval of cessation, during which you contrive to huddle yourself into a slight sleep. You then dream that you are enjoying a pleasant steam-boat voyage, chatting with a few agreeable fellow-passengers, and enjoying the sight of some of the finest scenery you recollect to have ever seen; when, suddenly, the boiler begins to work with uncommon energy, and to make a tremendous and overpowering noise, as if the vessel had caught fire, or some other awful but inexplicable circumstance had happened. At length a great explosion takes place, and the vessel is blown into a thousand pieces, when, awaking once more in terror, you find the whole phenomenon to have been produced by the great breathing engine in the other bed. Sleep is now seen to be impossible in such a neighbourhood, and you spend the remainder of the night in a state of vexation and anger not to be described.

It is almost an equally bad case if you are placed in the same room with one given to *talking* in his sleep. Some people who seldom open their mouths by day are amazingly loquacious by night, possessing some quality apparently analogous to that which causes cats to walk, bats to fly, and owls to hoot, at the same unseasonable time. You may have perhaps travelled a whole day through an interesting country, with a gentleman whom you accidentally encountered at the last inn; and whom, for many hours, you may have endeavoured to engage in conversation, but without effect, being foiled in every effort by his obstinate propensity to relapse into silence. At length you arrive at another inn, and are obliged, from the limited accommodations of the place, to take up your quarters in the same room with him. Being much fatigued, you no sooner lay your head on the pillow than you are buried in profound repose, which you enjoy for perhaps an hour or two, when, at length, you are roused by a strange sound which proceeds from the neighbouring bed, and, starting up, you there see, by the light of the moon, a white figure in a sitting posture, who is pouring forth a speech full of invective and remonstrance against person or persons unknown, mixed possibly with a few occasional expressions not very flattering to yourself. This is the same man who met and slew, with one chilling monosyllable, every topic you brought before him during the day; how different now! There, sometimes lying down, sometimes rising up, he seems abandoned to the very spirit of talk, asking questions of himself and then answering them, launching forth into extravagant praises of scenery which he passed by day without remark, and minutely discussing many questions which, when you proposed them to him, he passed over as apparently not worthy of his notice. The Baron Munchausen's French horn, from which a series of frozen-up tunes was thrown out beside the inn kitchen fire, was but a type of this new phenomenon. It is in vain that you shake him awake to break off the discourse, for no sooner is he asleep again than he once more commences his chat, so that, throughout the whole night, you only obtain uneasy snatches of sleep, and at last rise in the morning altogether unrefreshed. A provincial newspaper some years ago gave an account of a night passed in this manner by two gentlemen, one of whom was a captain in the navy, and the other a brewer and miller upon an extensive scale. Becoming friendly in their hotel after dinner, they were asked by the waiter if they would have any objection to oblige his master by sleeping in a double-bedded room, in consideration that the house was that night unusually full. To this proposal they readily consented, and in due time the brewer went off to bed and fell asleep.

The captain, following soon after, had scarcely laid his head upon the pillow when his friend the brewer began to talk in his sleep. The former endured it for some time with patience, thinking it would soon be over; but when he had lain a quarter of an hour, and found it rather increasing than diminishing, he called to the sleeping man to have done, as it was quite impossible to fall asleep in such a breeze. At every such interruption, the voice of the sleep-talker only became somewhat louder, as if to drown the opposition, so that the poor captain soon saw that all remonstrance was in vain. He therefore lay awake listening to an incessant jabber about the state of markets, the power of water-wheels, the mischiefs done by rats and mice in granaries, and a thousand kindred topics, till four in the morning, when at length the brewer ceased, and the captain was allowed to fall asleep. The captain, however, was a sleep-talker too; so he had scarcely made acquaintance with Morpheus, when he commenced a perfect storm of vociferation respecting the management of his vessel in a storm. "Pipe the hands up! clew up the foresail—send the men aloft!—lay out, lay out, lay out! Why don't you lay out the main top-sail yard there!—send down the top gallant yards!—starboard, quarter-master, starboard! Steady!—What's all that noise in the mizen top there?—Send these fellows down here, Master Jones; I'll teach them to spin yarns there! Where's the midshipman of the watch? Send him aft here to heave the log—I'll warrant she's going ten knots." It was now the brewer's turn to suffer. He awoke about the beginning of the tempest, under an impression that the house had been broken into, and that the robbers were rummaging the very room in which he was sleeping, but was soon brought to a sense of the real state of the case, and thought proper to laugh at his former fears. He little knew the extent of the evil to which he was exposed, but became in some degree sensible of it when, after half an hour of patient endurance of the captain's exclamations, he found that he had got into company with an inveterate sleep-talker, whose slumbers and loquacity were exactly commensurate. In short, the poor brewer had to suffer all the torments he had formerly inflicted on the captain, till seven in the morning, when, daylight coming in, he rose and dressed. While engaged in his toilette, the captain awoke and hailed him—"Good morning to you—I hope you have had a better night's rest than I." "Night's rest!" exclaimed the brewer; "why, I got no rest at all. You kept up such a constant roaring and cheering in your sleep, that I could not close an eye." "That's a good one too," replied the captain. "Why, it was you who prevented me from sleeping. Ever from my coming to bed till very near morning, you talked away incessantly about your mills, and your dams, and your granaries, so that I never had a wink of sleep all the time, and have only now got a little slumber, that is not half enough to last me out the day. May I be whipped if I ever take up with a double-bedded room again!" The truth now became apparent to them. Each saw that he had given as much torment as he had received, and, feeling consoled by this, they agreed to forgive each other, and be good friends again.

The Snorers and the Talkers are ill enough, but they are nothing to a third class, who may be called the *Thumpers*. To suffer fully from these, however, it is almost necessary that accommodations should have been so limited, as to render it necessary for them to be bestowed in the same bed with you. While the Snorers and Talkers are merely troublesome, the Thumpers are positively dangerous. In a moment when you are least anticipating evil, you may have half a

dozen of your front teeth knocked out, or an eye encircled an inch round with a halo "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue." You are lying not only in perfect security, but total unconsciousness, when suddenly you get a blow that makes the blood gush from your nose, and then another, that seems to have produced a contusion in your skull. Thus recalled to the recollection of your being, your first impression is, that you have been attacked by murderers, and you put up your hands to ascertain if your throat has not been cut, or your brains knocked out; when, lo! you get another blow that awakes you quite. Raising yourself up in the attitude of self-defence—for to this you are prompted by the instinct of self-preservation—you perceive by the grey dawn of morning that your supposed murderer is none other than your bedfellow, who is lying still on his back in the deepest slumber, but laying about him most lustily, as if he supposed himself in a row at Donnybrook fair, or practising gymnastics in the Military Academy.

Tam Meikleham was a poor student designed for the church. He was spending a college vacation one summer in the house of his father, a stocking-weaver in a Berwickshire village, when he saw an advertisement in the newspapers, announcing for sale the good-will and furniture of a private school in Edinburgh, and stating that, if satisfactory security were given, the purchase-money would be taken by instalments out of the future proceeds. This arrangement suited exactly with Tam's circumstances. He now saw his way clearly towards the clerical profession, and almost felt as if his head were already wagging in a pulpit. So, without conferring with any one, or caring to provide himself with such a slender supply of cash as might be necessary for his journey, but only taking up a huge pease-bannock which his mother had just set up to cool at the back of the dresser, off he set for the city. After many inquiries on both sides, as to what money was expected, and to be given, it was at length settled that Tam should be master of the school upon his producing the requisite security. Some hints from the dominie about seeing him in the morning, reminded Tam that he had yet his lodgings to seek; up he rose, therefore, and sallied to the street. After a moment's reflection, he bethought him of asking a night's quarters from his old landlady, Mrs Motherwell. So off he set from Jamaica Street, where he then was, to the Crosscauseway, where his old lodgings were situated. Upon his coming to the house, he found that Mrs Motherwell had removed, without putting it in the power of the present occupant to tell whither. He thus found himself compelled to go back to Jamaica Street, and seek a lodging from his newly acquired acquaintance, the schoolmaster. The favour was reluctantly granted, for the pedagogue did not much like so speedily a familiarity on the part of an unknown adventurer; he was, however, unwilling to offend a customer with whom he had driven a good bargain. A bed in this case necessarily implied something like supper also. The dominie, accordingly, brought out a bottle of strong ale, and the soles of a small loaf and a poor cheese, which, being all the provision he had in the house, he divided with his guest. Tam then gladly stretched his wearied bones beside his new friend, fully trusting that he would rise a refreshed man in the morning, and be ready to set about the business of procuring the security, if not that of the school itself. The actual and future teachers had not been in bed above an hour, when the former was roused from slumber by a terrible blow on the face, which, before he was fully awake, was followed up by another on the breast, that almost took away his breath. He soon became aware that these blows were bestowed by his new acquaintance and bed-fellow, and, instantly supposing that the bargain about the school was the trick of a burglar or murderer, he started up, rushed to the window, and bawled into the street, "Police! police! murder! murder!" at the top of his voice. Tam, unconscious of what was passing, continued to lay on, though he was only beating the air. He was, however, speedily dragged out of bed by the dominie, and upon opening his eyes, found a policeman holding a lantern to his face. It was in vain that he protested his innocence of the intentions attributed to him, and that he was incapable of injuring, or desiring to injure, a gentleman whose kindness to him had been so conspicuous. The fears of the pedagogue were even more effectually roused, when the light enabled him to perceive that he was half covered with a stream of blood which flowed from his nose, and nothing could satisfy him but that Tam should be marched off to the station-house. Rusefully did the poor fellow don his travel-soiled clothes, and rusefully did he descend the long common stair which led to the street, amidst the wonderment of the half-dressed natives, who peeped at him from their doors. When he had walked a little way, the policeman became convinced of his innocence, and declared he would not take him to the office. "But if I don't go there," said Tam, "where am I to go, for I am quite a stranger in this town?" To save him from the alternative of staying on the streets all night, the policeman compassionately led him to a lodging-house, which he knew in a place called Richmond Court, and there made interest to get him accommodated. Tam did not delay long to throw his exhausted frame upon the bed assigned to him. But he had hardly stretched himself down, when the whole mattress below him began to rise and fall like a wave of the sea. He lay wondering whence this motion

could proceed, or if the motion was in the bed at all, and not in his own excited brain. That it was in the bed, however, he soon discovered, for up again rose the mattress; and as it sunk, he thought he heard it emit a sort of growl. A cold perspiration broke upon him, and he began to wonder what was next to happen. There was a long pause, and he would have fain persuaded himself that it was all a dream; but as yet he had not been asleep. In the midst of his ruminations, up again rose the mattress, and as it sunk, there was a strange noise as if there were a giant snuffing about him, and smelling for his blood. Tam could endure this no longer; so he bolted to his feet, and groped his way to the door. He was out of the room before he was aware, and in the midst of another, where a pedlar was lying with his pack at his head. The noise soon awoke the merchant, who, accustomed to use prompt measures for the protection of his property, rose and collared him before he could speak a word. The whole household, mistress, servants, and lodgers, speedily assembled round the struggling pair; and there ensued a scene which none but a Cervantes or a Smollett could have painted. When the excitement of the parties had a little subsided, Tam succeeded in convincing the group that his frightening the pedlar had been merely a consequence of his being himself frightened, and, at his desire, they adjourned to his own room to inquire into the original cause of the disturbance. It was soon discovered that a large Newfoundland dog had taken up his quarters underneath the bed, which was of a very low construction. There had been at first sufficient room for it; but when Tam lay down, the mattress, bending beneath his weight, had incommoded the animal, so that it was under the necessity of seeking to relieve itself by rising. All was now explained to the satisfaction of the landlady, the pedlar, and the bystanders; but Tam was now no longer in a fit state for sleep. The spirit under which he commenced his expedition was now evaporated, and a nervous tremor had taken its place. Throwing himself once more into his clothes, he left the house, and was past the Gibbet Toll in a twinkling. Daylight had hardly broken before he was over Southrahill, and his father was just sitting down to dinner when Tam came in with a face which the old man thought was not earthly. All that Tam said, however, was that he was unwell; so, after getting some warm broth, he went to bed and slept for two days, but never said a word about his having gone to Edinburgh to buy the good-will of a school.

Now, it would prevent all such disasters as this, if those who are addicted to thumping in their sleep would only confess it to their intended bedfellow before going to rest. Then the following precaution could be adopted.—When the thumper was putting on his night-shirt, let him not put his arms into the sleeves, but hang these by his side, and let his companion cross the sleeves over the thumper's breast, and button them together behind his back. He would thus be put completely *hors de combat*, and his bedfellow would be safe from all harm.

THE CHEMISTRY OF NATURE.

AN excellent treatise on this subject has just appeared from the pen of Mr Hugo Reid, Lecturer on Chemistry to the Glasgow High School, and Glasgow Mechanics' Institution.* Mr Hugo Reid is a brother of Dr D. B. Reid, of Edinburgh, and one of the most promising young men of science known to us. In the present work, he has given at once a clear and fascinating account of the chemical constitution and relations of natural objects—particularly of air, simple and mineral waters, earths, salts, soils, and vegetables. The book should be procured and read by every young man who is animated with a desire for acquiring sound and useful knowledge. The following abridged account of the constitution of water, will give an idea of the nature of the contents:—

"Water was one of the elements of the ancients. This might be expected, for, excepting air, there is perhaps no substance which has so much the appearance of an elementary form of matter. But the progress of modern chemistry has done with water as with air—shown that it is a compound.

Water, as we find it in the ocean, or in rivers, lakes, springs, &c., is a very compound substance, containing many different ingredients; but, like the air, it consists chiefly of two substances, the others existing in it in a comparatively small proportion, although these sometimes have a considerable effect upon its properties. The chemical composition of water was discovered by the celebrated Cavendish, about the year 1781, when the experiments which led to the discovery were performed. It is proper to mention, however, that the late illustrious James Watt, independently of Cavendish, had about the same time formed a very correct notion of the composition of water, which he communicated in a letter to Dr Priestley."

Water is composed of two substances, which assume the form of gases when separated from each other, namely, hydrogen gas, which is an inflammable body, and oxygen gas, which cannot itself be made to burn, although it is the great supporter of combustion. The resolving of water into these two elementary airs is one of the most wonderful processes in che-

mistry. Mr Reid describes an experiment of the kind as follows:—"Let a few iron turnings, or coil of iron wire [obviously for absorbing the oxygen as evolved], be placed in an iron tube which is made to pass through a furnace, so that the tube can easily be rendered red-hot. The tube is open at both ends, each of which must be without the furnace. Fit the beak of a retort containing some water into one of the open ends, and into the other adapt a tube the extremity of which is made to dip under the water in a pneumatic trough, similar preparations being made for collecting any gas that may be disengaged. Or, a bladder quite flaccid, being carefully pressed to expel all the air, may be tied by the neck to the end of the tube, instead of making it dip into the water in the pneumatic trough: any gas which comes from the iron tube will pass into the bladder, which it will occupy and distend. Let a fire be kindled in the furnace, the tube within it be brought to a red heat, and apply heat to the bottom of the retort. The water in the retort will be converted into steam, which will pass into the tube, and there come into contact with the iron turnings or iron wire. Almost immediately after the steam has reached the heated part of the tube, a quantity of gas will be disengaged from the extremity dipping into the pneumatic trough, or having the bladder attached, which may be collected in the manner already described. It will be found that a considerable change has been effected. The gas which is collected at the trough cannot be the steam, which arose from the boiling water in the retort, steam, whenever it comes into contact with cold water is condensed, and again assumes the liquid form; the gas which is procured, however, passes through the water in the trough without losing its gaseous form, from which circumstance alone, we may infer that it is very different from the steam which passed from the retort." Here follows an illustration of the process by a figure.

"If the iron wire or turnings be weighed before and after the experiment, the iron will be found to have increased much in weight. The water in the retort must have diminished in weight, so much of it having passed into the tube in the form of steam. Any steam which escapes from the tube in the state of steam, is condensed and collected in the form of water. By comparing the weight of this with the weight which the water in the retort has lost, it will be found that a considerable part of the steam which arose from the liquid has entirely disappeared (that is, is no longer to be found in the state of steam or water), for the weight of the quantity thus collected will be much less than the weight of that which has passed out of the retort; thus we shall be enabled to know exactly how much of the steam has been altered by passing through the tube. The estimate of the changes effected by the action could not be so well or so easily effected if an iron tube had been used, as this itself would be acted upon in the same way as the iron. By using the earthenware tube, however, this is avoided.

A certain quantity of the steam has undergone a chemical alteration from passing over the iron. Now it will be found on weighing them, that the gas collected in the pneumatic jar is much lighter than the steam which has disappeared; hence, some of the matter of the steam is wanting; but the iron has increased in weight, and therefore we may presume that the matter which it has acquired is that which the steam has lost. This view is confirmed by the experiment of weighing all the materials, for it will then be found that the additional weight which the iron has acquired, added to the weight of the gas which has been procured, exactly corresponds to the quantity of steam which has disappeared.

In the experiment just described, the materials used were iron and water; iron is a simple substance, and as the iron used has increased in weight from the steam passing over it, having thus taken something from the steam, it must be next endeavoured to ascertain the nature of this matter which has been abstracted from the water. We have seen, when considering the nature of air, that the oxygen which it contains possesses in a high degree the power of supporting combustion or burning, and that this arises from the chemical attraction between oxygen and the burning body. Now, iron is a combustible body, but it can hardly be made to burn in air, owing to the oxygen being weakened by the presence of such a great quantity of nitrogen; if it be set fire to, however, in oxygen gas, the oxygen will disappear, the iron will rapidly unite with it, undergoing combustion, being melted, and converted into a black brittle substance, which, from consisting of iron and oxygen, is called an oxide of iron. It has been found, that the matter into which the iron wire or iron turnings in the tube is converted, is of the same nature as this oxide of iron formed by burning iron in oxygen. The iron has therefore acquired oxygen, and as there was no source except the steam from which the oxygen could be procured, water must contain oxygen. We have already become acquainted with the characters of this important element, as entering into the composition of air.

If the gas collected at the trough be examined, it will be found to have properties very different from those of oxygen, nitrogen, or carbonic acid, the only gases which we have as yet examined. Like the latter of these gases, it cannot support either combustion or respiration, a light being extinguished, and an animal suffocated, if they be immersed in it; but whenever a light, as the flame of a candle, is brought into contact

* Chemistry of Nature, 1 vol. 12mo; Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd; London, Simpkin and Marshall.

it, the gas itself takes fire, and burns with a bluish flame, which gives little light, but produces a great quantity of heat. It will also be found that this gas is remarkably light, nearly sixteen times lighter than atmospheric air, its specific gravity being 0.0694, and 100 cubic inches weighing only 2.153 grains. It is called hydrogen, a name which indicates that it enters into the composition of water, being derived from two Greek words (*hydro* 'water,' and *genes* 'to form or produce.' It was at first known by the name of 'inflammable air,' from the readiness with which it takes fire, and 'phlogiston,' from the idea which prevailed at one time, that it is the matter which gives rise to heat; this word being derived from the Greek word (*phlogidse*), 'to inflame' or 'to catch fire;' but it is now always termed 'hydrogen.'

Here, then, we have seen that water can be made to give out an inflammable gas, and that what remains after this gas has been separated from it is oxygen (in this case united with iron immediately on separating from the hydrogen). Hence water contains these two substances; and as by operating cautiously, the whole of a given quantity of water might be converted in this way into these two substances (the gas which collects in the trough and the oxygen which unites with the iron), it is clear that water must be entirely composed of these two bodies. It has also been found that these two bodies are simple in their nature; whatever experiments may be performed with them, they cannot be resolved into any other kinds of matter; therefore, in these, we have what, in the present state of our knowledge, we must consider as the elements of water.

Something similar to what has been described as taking place in the experiment with the iron tube traversing the furnace, occurs when a little water is shown on burning coals. There is often an unpleasant odour produced, which cannot arise from the vapour of the water produced by the heat, for steam has not any unpleasant smell. But the water is decomposed; the charcoal of the coal, like iron, has a very great attraction for oxygen, and abstracts it from the water, while the hydrogen, which is thus set at liberty, unites in part with some matters in the coal, and forms various compounds, thus giving rise to the disagreeable smell. This would be found to take place, however pure or clean the water might be. It is not the hydrogen alone which causes the offensive odour, for pure hydrogen has no smell—it is the compounds of hydrogen with the charcoal and sulphur of the coal. Sometimes, also, sprinkling water on a fire causes a flame or flame like that of spirits burning; this arises from the decomposition of the water, and the hydrogen being set free at the same time. The same will be observed, if, instead of coals, which furnish charcoal to unite with the oxygen of the water, iron be used. If a piece of iron, at a white heat, be plunged into water, the iron will attract oxygen from the water, by which the hydrogen will be set at liberty, and will rise to the surface in the gaseous form. If a jar full of water be placed over the point at which the gas escapes from the liquid, a little hydrogen gas may actually be collected in this simple way.

When the iron is removed from the water, it is found to be somewhat altered: there is a thin film of black brittle matter covering it, which can be easily rubbed off, and is found to be very different from the iron below. This is the compound formed by union of the iron with the oxygen of the water. It is found to be similar in composition to the matter to which the iron was converted, similar to the rust which is formed when iron is made to burn in oxygen gas, and similar to the black earthy scales that fall from a piece of red-hot iron when hammered on an anvil, known in Scotland by the name of *smiddy* rust. They are all oxides of iron, the same chemical union having taken place in all these different cases—the union of iron and oxygen.

It will be seen, that the manner in which we produce hydrogen from water, is exactly similar to that by which we obtain nitrogen from air, namely, employing some substance which has an affinity for the oxygen, with which each of these matters is associated. In the case of water, a metal is the substance best adapted for this purpose; and by its affinity for the oxygen, assisted by the heat, it is enabled to abstract the oxygen, while the hydrogen, being loosened from its chemical attraction with the oxygen, assumes that form which is natural to it in the uncombined state, and away to find room for itself in its expanded condition, and leaves the oxygen in the solid state in union with the iron.

There is another method of proving the composition of water by analysis, and one more satisfactory still, for we obtain directly both the elements of water in the uncombined condition, and can easily resolve the whole of a quantity of water into the oxygen and hydrogen of which it is composed. Here, however, we have to call in the aid of a new power, one to which we have not hitherto alluded, namely, the electric influence.

The author here describes how water can be resolved into its two elementary gases by means of electricity or galvanism. Passing over this, we come to different species of proof—the formation of water by the combination of the two gases:—"An experiment on a very large scale, demonstrating the composition of water, was shortly after performed by three distinguished French chemists; and as it was a very remarkable experiment, if we consider the time during

which it lasted, the great quantity of the materials employed, and the uncommon accuracy of the result, it may not be uninteresting to describe it briefly. Fourcroy, Vauquelin, and Seguin, three eminent French chemists, who flourished about the close of the last century, commenced this experiment on Wednesday, May 13, 1790, and it was brought to a conclusion on Friday the 22d of the same month. The hydrogen was procured by zinc, which, after being melted, was rubbed to a powder in a hot mortar while it was solidifying, and strong oil of vitriol diluted with about seven times the quantity of water. In order to render the gas as pure as possible, to rid it from any watery vapour or other gases (such as sulphuretted hydrogen or carbonic acid gas) which might be mixed with it, it was passed through caustic potash, which retained the impurities, allowing the hydrogen to pass freely through it. The oxygen was obtained by heating the hyper-oxymuriate of potash (now called chlorate of potash), and was purified in a similar manner. The hydrogen used in the experiment occupied the bulk of 25663.568 cubic inches (upwards of twenty-five thousand cubic inches), the weight of it being 1039.358 grains. The oxygen employed was about half the bulk of the hydrogen, namely, 12570.942 cubic inches, weighing 6209.969 grains. The weight of both gases was thus 7249 grains. The combustion of the hydrogen with the oxygen was continued for one hundred and eighty-five hours, with little intermission, and the apparatus was not quit for a moment, the experimenters resting themselves in the laboratory alternately when fatigued.

Such was the care and accuracy with which this celebrated experiment was performed, that, of the 7249 grains weight of materials employed, only about five grains were lost. The oxygen and hydrogen were converted into water by the combustion, and of this substance, 7244 grains weight (about 15 ounces) was procured; and the water was very pure, resembling distilled water. This extraordinary experiment proved to a demonstration the composition of water; for not only was water produced by the combustion, but the weight of this was exactly the same as that of the materials used, showing that the whole had been converted into water, that nothing else had been formed: the loss of five grains, 1-1449th part of the whole, is too trifling to be taken into account."

Here we stop our quotations, and refer the reader to the work itself for further information. It is barely possible that some persons may ask, "Of what use are these experiments? are we any the better for knowing that water is composed of two gases?" We answer, that the use is great, and that at a further advanced state of knowledge, the value of the discovery to society may be immense—nothing less, indeed, than the employment of water, or rather of its constituents, for the purposes of fuel and artificial light.

THE BROKEN SIXPENCE, A SCOTTISH STORY.*

WHO, that has visited the village of Broomholm, on the shores of the Firth of Clyde, about thirty years ago, does not remember the only inn or rather "public" of which it boasted, and Mrs Stewart, the landlady and proprietrix to boot? To me it is like a recollection of yesterday, to recall her stout figure and rosy face, surrounded by the staunchest of her partisans—among the fishermen and sailors that formed the population of the village—chatting with one, laughing with another, and evidently agreeable to all—while the light of the large kitchen fire, flashing waywardly on their weather-beaten countenances, was reflected from the shining rows of pewter and delf plates above the dresser, and made a "darkness visible" in the recesses of the smoky roof. But these days are gone by. The unpretending sign of the Cross Keys has given place to dashing establishments, in the shape of fashionable hotels; and a small stone slab in the churchyard, records the fate of Mrs Stewart.

This was the appearance of the inn, however, in the year no matter what. It was at the close of autumn, and a stormy night had closed upon the village. The dash of the waves breaking upon a lee shore, mingled at intervals with the thunder, in a tone almost rivaling its own. The wind, loaded with rain, whistled among the cottages that lined the beach, and sweeping on, sent a loud and long lament through the woods and ravines of the neighbouring hills. It may be guessed, however, that the sounds of the night did not tend to diminish the comforts of the blazing fire and bien kitchen of the Cross Keys. The room was filled with the *clate* of village wit and humour, and the merriment was pitched in its highest key by the successful result of the fishing. The fire-light glanced on groups of bronzed faces, the clatter of the stonps was incessant, and the voices of the toppers, in every different tone of satire and solemnity, of mirth and extravagance, formed a sort of Babel in miniature. The hostess was for a time in her element: but as the night closed in, she seemed to tire a little in her exertions—though, to be sure, they were now greatly lessened—and committing the charge of the tap, in the meantime, to the care of a strapping wench, she went over to an elderly douce-looking man, who with the joint assistance of a pair of spectacles, and a quiet glass of spirits, was engaged in spelling over an old newspaper, that had

by some chance or other found its way to the Cross Keys. He looked up, laid aside the paper, and put his spectacles in his pocket, as the landlady approached.

"Well, James," said Mrs Stewart, "has ye heard the news?" "About the marriage?" responded the party addressed, who was neither more nor less than James Thomson, the principal shopkeeper in the village, and dealer in all sorts of articles, from a pin upwards. "About the marriage was't? On ay; I had the hail news frae Jeanie Stenson the day. It's to be on Thursday, and a fine hobbleshow they'll hae. Set them up, atweel! it's no lang since they hadna a bawbee to bless themselves wi'."

"Deed ay; it's no sax years since David Johnston got the letter frae abroad, about the death of their cousin, that left them a' the money. I mind it mair by token I had to lend him saxpence to pay the post. A puir weaver was Davie then, and noo see wha daur speak to him!—though, to be sure, naebody can say that siller has changed Mary; a sweet lassie she was aye, and will be, wi' a bonny face and a kind heart. But tell me, James, d'ye think she's quite willin' to tak' this nabob?"

"What for no? he's as rich as a Jew, and a decent-looking chiel foreby. It's a' settled." "Aweel, aweel," said the landlady, "I never thought to see the day o' Mary Johnston's marriage, as lang as there was a chance of that one casting up. It's nae use making a mystery o't noo, although there was few kent it foreby mysel. D'ye mind Charlie Maxwell, James?"

"John Maxwell's son? To be sure I do. A bauld bonnie wee chap he was, and mony a sweetie hae I gien him. Puir chiel! he was cast awa' and drowned on his voyage to India, about ten years sinesyne."

"I'm no sure about that," said Mrs Stewart, "for altho' he was missed, there was nae certain news o' his death. And see, there's Jock Watson sittin' yonder, fell out o' the Bombay, and was gotten the next day by a wheen Turks, that took him into Algiers, and kept him fifteen years, when at last he cam hame, and got his wife married to another man. But, howsever, James —"

At this crisis a loud knocking at the door put a stop for a time to the gossip, which had now reached a period of deep interest. "Guid guide us!" cried the landlady, starting up, "that'll be drucken Sandie Knox, the smith; but he's no set his fit in my house the night, to break the glasses and smash the windows again." In this mood, and placing her arms akimbo upon her jolly sides, she marched to the door and demanded, in no very gentle tone, "wha was there at that time o' night?" The answer was given in an under tone, but seemed quite satisfactory, for the round good-humoured face of the landlady lost its assumed expression of angry discontent—which, to say the truth, always sat on it whimsically enough—the bolts of the door were quickly withdrawn, and Mrs Stewart, calling to Jock, a gawky lad, a fisherman in his leisure hours, and also waiter, ostler, and boots, to the few strangers who sojourned in the Cross Keys of Broomholm, "gang out and stable the gentleman's beast," ushered the new guest into the kitchen.

"Ye had better come ben here," said she, "for there's nae fire in the parlor, and it smokes a wee tae, till its fairly kennelled. But I'll get it ready in a jiffy. Jenny!" she called out—and the help aforesaid started up from a *lete-a-lete* with a brisk young fisher—"Jenny, gang up and light a fire in number three. Will you just come ben, sir?"

The stranger came in, and advancing to the fire-place, disencumbered himself of his dripping cloak. In doing so, he displayed to the light a figure not much above the middle size, but formed with perfect symmetry, and indicating that kind of physical power which dwells in the compactness of muscle and nerve. His features corresponded with the manliness of his figure. In earliest youth, their expression would have earned from the gossips the endearing term of a "beautiful boy," but were now bronzed by exposure to the sun and the storm, and fixed into the stern line of energy and command. The dress he wore partook of the military character; but the step, the attitude, the whole appearance, had that unnameable expression, which is independent of decorations, and at once marks to an observer the soldier of service. As our acquaintance, the grocer, afterwards observed, "he was a weel-fured gentleman, to my thoct a wee owre thin"—(our friend's circumference was none of the slimmest)—"wi' an e'e like a gied, and a ring on his finger that glanced like twenty caules. It was a real diamond yon, for I used to ken a diamond frae a precious stane in my packman days." Mrs Stewart, in the meantime, after a little bustle and some extension of voice, which the stranger was ignorant enough to think scornful, had laid before the latter what she styled "a touzie ten," to the discussion whereof he seriously inclined, with an appetite sharpened by a long ride, in the teeth of a fierce north-wester. And having left him thus laudably employed, she returned to her acquaintance and her gossip.

"Weel, James, as I was saying, ye see Charlie and Mary Johnston were lad and lass langyne; and they wad hae been married, had it no been for auld John—for John Maxwell was a sma' laird, and thoct his Charlie micht look a wee farrer up. Atweel he leaved to see things change. Mony a crack we had on the affair, and as often did I tell him to let things alone, for if it was ordained, a' that he could do wadna prevent it. But na; he was determined on parting them, and at last puir Charlie was sent ont in that wreny ship to Calcutta." "I mind the thing," interrupted the grocer; "I wrote the letter frae John to the skipper."

"Nae doubt, James. Weel, on the night before he gaed awa'—a mirk dreary night it was, just like this same—Charlie cam doon to ask me, for I was in the secret. If

* Originally published in Benet's Glasgow Magazine, a work of merit now discontinued.

I wad let him and Mary meet in my house for an hour that night before they parted. I didna like the thing, but he was such a fine, frank, open-hearted chield, that naeboddy could hae refused him. Sae Mary and him met in my parlour, and ye ken there's only a wooden partition between it and my ain room, and there was a hole in the timber, where a knot had come out—it wasna richt, but I couldna help it—I just looked through to them, and saw Mary was lying on Charlie's breast, sabbin' just as if her heart was breaking. And Charlie, he didna greet, nor he didna speak, but he looked sae wild and eerie, that I didna ken whether to pity him or her maist. Then Mary grew better in a while, and mony a wild word did Charlie say. And he declared that as sure as there was truth on earth, he would come back again, and a' wad be richt. And then, just before they parted, Charlie took out a expence that he had broken in twa, and lik aye took a haill, and they were never to part wi' an ill. The next morning Charlie was aff to Ayr; and there was a cheek in the town that was white for a while."

"But, oh! Mrs Stewart," said the grocer, "how did she bear up when the news cam' o' his death?"

"Ye may ask that! It was keepit gay an' quiet, but they couldna weel hide it frae me; an' I can tell you that there was a haill week that Mary Johnston could hardly be said to be either dead or living. It was lang, lang or she got better; and deod to my thoct she's no the same lassie yet. Mony a crack hae we had on the chance of Charlie castin' up; and aye I tell't her to keep up heart, but it seems noo she's lost a' hope, or else (noo, James, ye needna mention this) she's no marrying wi' her ain guidwill."

"I'm no sure," said the grocer, "but that's maybe true; it was a lang courtship, and Jeanie Stevenson tells me—"

But the information, whatever it was, of Jeanie Stevenson, must be lost to the reader, for just at this time the repeated call of the stranger to be shown to his apartment, struck the auditory nerve of the landlady. Mrs Stewart, bustling up in all haste, marshalled him to the parlour, where, having taken up his position before a comfortable fire, and the wine he had now ordered being placed on the table, he turned to the landlady.

"Well, Mrs Stewart," said he, "what news have you in the village?" "Deed, sir, there's naething gay on in the town (an emphasis on the word) that ye would likely care about. Only, the haill countryside's ringing wi' the news o' a grand marriage between Miss Mary Johnston and—"

"Mary Johnston!" interrupted the stranger; "not the daughter of David Johnston, the weaver here?"

"The very same, sir; he was once a weaver, but he had siller left frae abroad, and he bought Greenshaw, and is a big man in the country noo; his dochter's to be married on Thursday to Mr Monteath, a gentleman just come frae India wi' lots o' money, and a weel-faured decent-like man into the bargain. It was only yesterday they passed in the gig, and she looked sae bonnie and— But, bless me, sir!" exclaimed the landlady, "what's the matter? Ye're no ill, sir?" "I am quite well," answered the stranger; "perfectly well; you may retire. Leave me," he added; "I wish to be alone."

After her departure, the stranger sat for some time on his chair, as if struck by sudden paralysis, and then starting up, he traversed the apartment with rapid and agitated strides, his brow contracted, his lips compressed, and almost bloodless, and his dark eye flashed with the excitement of passion. He walked to the window, and looked out into the storm; it seemed as if the darkness before him had something in its sympathy of dreariness that exerted a soothing influence on his mind. His features gradually lost the expression they had assumed, and softened down into a character of hopeless melancholy. His lips quivered as if in the utterance of a mental soliloquy, which, as he proceeded, grew gradually audible, and at length he spoke unconsciously half aloud, "It is all over, then," he said, "and my worst forebodings are realised. And yet it is indeed singular, that in this very room—a room whose walls witnessed the last and fondest vow that lips could utter—I should for the first time be told that that pledge was broken! And yet I cannot blame Mary. It is my own fond credulity in the truth of a woman's love—my own folly in studying to excite effect, and I must now suffer the recoil of my ill-founded theories. And yet it is possible, although barely possible, that her heart may still be unchanged; other influences may have been used. I would that I could only see her without being recognised." He left the window as he spoke, and advanced into the room.

On the table lay a printed handbill, announcing the sale of an estate in the neighbourhood, and in large letters appeared the name of David Johnston, Esq. of Greenshaw, as the person to whom intending purchasers were directed to apply for the particulars. The name arrested his attention; and on glancing over the bill, he determined to call on the following day, ostensibly on business, and to endeavour to see at least once more the object of his early attachment. The chances of recognition were small. Time and exposure to the weather had completely altered the character of his features. His figure had assumed its full height and proportion. The assumption of my mother's name, too, thought he, "will she recognise the boy Charles Maxwell, with his smooth cheek and bright complexion, in the sunburnt man who styles himself Colonel Charles Gordon?"

A day of much beauty succeeded the stormy evening we have described, and the slanting sunbeams of the early part of an autumn afternoon fell into an apartment in the stately mansion of Greenshaw, in which three persons differently occupied were assembled. The eldest and most conspicuous personage of the party was a man seemingly long past the middle period of life, who reclined, in the full shine of the sunlight, upon a sofa drawn across the breadth of the window, in the enjoyment of a quiet and comfortable dose. The newspapers, whose proxy columns were in all probability the opiate he had used, lay on the floor, and a pair of spectacles had dropped from their legitimate seat, and now straddled over the point of a nose evidently not the property of a member of the Temperance Society. At a table in the middle of

the room sat a lady engaged in copying music; and a chair and magazine by the fireside were occupied by a gentleman of a certain age, if this term be applicable to the sex. With features dark, perfectly regular, and of a handsome and commanding cast, there was still something in the cold black eye, and finely cut but supercilious lip, that mingled doubt and distrust with your admiration.

At this juncture the door of the apartment opened, and a servant entering, presented a card, with the name of Colonel Gordon, to the occupant of the sofa. He started up, rubbing his eyes and yawning.

"Eh, John! What is this? Gordon—Colonel Gordon! Mary, that's the great East India chield! Run, lassie, for guid sake, and see if ye hae any thing decent for the dinner. Bring him ben, John. What can the man be wantin' wi' me, think ye?"

Gordon was now ushered in by the servant, and in a few words explained that, having some intention of settling in the neighbourhood, and seeing the advertisement of the sale of Sunniewood, he had taken the liberty to call on Mr Johnston, to inspect the plans of the estate and learn the particulars of the sale.

"Deed, colonel," said Johnston, "we camna do a' this in sic a short time, and it's just close on the dinner hour; but if ye hae nae objections to tak' a family cheek wi' us, we'll gang over the business then. And to say the truth, I really think this is the best plan, for business is dry enough ony way, and mair especially before dinner."

He ended with a laugh at his joke, and Gordon, apologising for his intrusion (although we must not deny that he had chosen the time, and calculated on the request), accepted the laird's invitation. The intervening period was spent with a sufficient allowance of dulness, in a straggling conversation on a few of the recent transactions in the colonies; and it was greatly to the relief of Gordon when dinner was announced, and the party adjourned to the dining-room. The heart of Gordon filled with a thousand electric and indefinable feelings; there was a mist before his eyes, and a giddiness in his brain, when, on entering the room, the laird introduced him to his daughter—a needless ceremony to one who had never, through so long a course of years, dismissed her image from his mind. Mary Johnston received him with easy grace, but without the slightest sign of recognition; and prepared, as he had thought himself, for that reception, the proud spirit of Gordon swelled to think that he was indeed so totally forgotten. When sufficiently calm to make the observation, Gordon could not help confessing, that the years which had altered him in person and appearance, had not passed over Mary without leaving a trace of their footsteps. The springing step of seventeen, the fragile figure, the sprightly glance, and the ringing laugh, he remembered so well, had now disappeared, but their place was supplied by the gentle and dignified graces of womanhood.

The dinner passed as such a dinner might be supposed to do. Gordon indeed thought, but in all probability it was fancy, that on several occasions her eye rested on him with an expression of interest. At one time, at least, when, in answer to a remark of hers, he alluded to some lines of an old, and then not very common song, which had been an early favourite of both, she evidently started at the quotation, and looked at him with a sad and earnest gaze. No suspicion of his real character, however, seemed to be excited; but when she left the table, Gordon was little able to take his part in the conversation that followed, and found as small a charm in the bottle, circulating as it did with great rapidity, under the direction of the laird and his friend. David Johnston observed his abstraction, and inquired with some sympathy if he was well enough. Glad of any excuse, and hoping that it might afford one interview with Mary, he pleaded a severe headache in answer to the inquiry.

"Weel, colonel, I would just advise you to take my remedy, and that's a cup o' guid green tea. Gang you up stairs to the parlour, and my dochter will make it for you in less than nae time. It's the first door on your right hand at the stair head, and dinna be lang, and we'll get that business o' yours gane over the night."

The sound of a voice, every note of which brought a volume of recollections into the mind of Gordon, was a better indication to him of the locality of the parlour than the direction of the laird. Mary was engaged in singing the very song he had quoted in the course of the dinner-table conversation, and as the full clear tones thrilled into melody, he stood still, afraid by a breath to dissolve the charm. The memories of boyhood, the bright hills and the bonnie burnside in the deep noon, flashed upon his mind with the feeling of lightning. Well and beautifully has Mrs Hemans said, on a strain of music—

Oh! joyously, triumphantly, sweet sounds, ye swell and float—
A breath of hope, of youth, of spring, is poured on every note;
And yet my full o'erburdened heart grows troubled by your power.

And ye seem to press the long-past years into one little hour.
If I have looked on lovely scenes that now I view no more—
A summer sea with glittering ships along a mountain shore—
A ruin girt with solemn woods, and a crimson evening's sky,
Ye bring me back those images swift as ye wander by.

The music ceased, and Gordon, half ashamed of the situation of a listener, now entered the apartment. Mary was bending over a scrap of old paper, but, at the sound of his entrance, she pushed it below the papers in the music portfolio; not, however, before Gordon had time to remark, that it was the very copy of the verses he had written out and given her in their early acquaintance. The sight did not at all tend to remove the confusion of ideas excited by the song itself; but before he knew very well what he was about, he had crossed the room, and requested Mary to oblige him by repeating the piece.

"It is an old song, colonel, which I am not much in the practice of singing, and it was only your quotation that brought it into my recollection; but, to confer this very great obligation on you, I will attempt it again."

In proceeding with the music, one of those light tresses that Gordon had so often admired, fell from its band of pearls, and floated over the brow and eye of the singer. She hastily raised her hand from the instrument to remove it, and in doing so, unconsciously entangled her fingers in a

ribbon, from which something depended into her bosom. The action brought it completely into the light. The dazzled eyes of Gordon fell upon a broken sapphire! In a moment the astonished girl was in the arms of her lover.

"Mary—my own, own Mary!"

"Colonel Gordon—this insult!"

"Call me not Gordon, dearest Mary—I am Maxwell—your own Charles Maxwell!"

"Ay, Mrs Stewart, so this has been a fine stir up by," said the grocer, next day, as he entered the public for his usual potation. "Think of Charlie Maxwell comin' into the room wi' his drawn sword, and crying he wad cut off Mr Monteath's head—and Miss Mary faintin'—and the auld laird creepin' below the sofa—and!"

"Hout tout, James, what's this o't? Charlie Maxwell gaed into the room in a quiet peaceable manner, and tell't them a' w'ha he was. He was down at me the day, telling me no to send the carriage that was ordered for Mr Monteath's waddin' till the week after the next, and then they're to gang for his ain."

"That may be your way o' tellin' the story—but mine's the best, and the haill town has't—sae, I'll just tell't that way yet."

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL was born in Paisley, on the 3d of June 1774, and was the son of James Tannahill, a weaver, who came originally from Kilmarnock, and Janet Pollock, the daughter of a farmer near Beith. Both parents were of respectable character, and distinguished, particularly the mother, for greater intelligence than is usually found in persons of their station. Robert was the fourth child of a family of seven, and though not remarkable, when a boy, for defective health, had a deformity in one of his limbs, the foot being slightly bent, and the leg less muscular than the other. This circumstance, however, was little observed, from his wearing several pairs of stockings, and employing other means to conceal it, which his sensitive disposition made him always anxious to do.

The early education of Tannahill consisted simply of English reading, and writing, and even of this elementary instruction he got such small measure, that all his grammatical knowledge was owing to private exertions at an after period. But even in his school-days he exhibited a propensity to verse-writing. A common amusement with his class-fellows was to put riddles to one another, or "to peer guesses," as they were called, and Robert is said to have generally couched his in rhyme, of which the following is a specimen:—

My colour's brown, my shape's uncouth,
On lika side I hae a mouth;
And, strange to tell, I will devour
My bulk of meat in half an hour.

This, as it proved, was a piece of satire, aimed at the huge beak of a well-known snuff-taker! So early as his tenth year, Tannahill began the composition of regular songs and other short pieces in verse; but when he reached the age of fourteen, his station and circumstances obliged him to engage so actively in the working business of life, that a considerable interval, it has been generally believed from the dates of his pieces, of poetical inaction followed—a thing not much to be deplored, perhaps, when we consider how rarely the juvenile compositions, even of the greatest poets, have been possessed of intrinsic merit, or entitled to any notice except as curious trifles. Robert was put to the trade of hand-loom cotton-weaving immediately on leaving school. That business was then extremely brisk in Paisley, and maintained the place in a hey-day flow of prosperity. The young of both sexes were able to make good wages without any very severe labour, and, in consequence, youthful parties, excursions, and merry-makings, were exceedingly frequent among this flourishing community. Like others of his age and rank, Tannahill indulged freely in these pastimes, and doubtless then stored his mind with many of those fresh and lovely pictures of nature, animate and inanimate, which afterwards gave inspiration to his song.

On the conclusion of his apprenticeship, Tannahill removed to and wrought for a short time at the neighbouring village of Lochwinnoch, where Alexander Wilson, the future ornithologist of America, then only known as the author of "Will and Jean," and some other clever Scottish poems, was also engaged in working at the loom. Unheard of as yet by the world, and still ignorant himself, it is probable, of his poetical capabilities, Tannahill's modesty seems to have prevented his forming Wilson's acquaintance, though the talents of the latter were fully appreciated by him. His verses on Wilson's departure afterwards for America show this strongly:—

Is there wae feels the melting glow
O' sympathy for thine woe,
Come, let our tears together flow,
O join my mane!
For Wilson, worthiest o' us a',
For aye is gane.

Since now he's gane, and Burns is dead,
Ah! w'ha will tune the Scottish reed?
Her thistle, dowie, hings its head,
Her harp's unstrung;

While mountain, river, loch, and mead,
Remain unsung.

The first of Tannahill's poems which appeared in print was a song in praise of Ferguslee wood, where

used frequently to wander in the evenings, making the echoes ring with the notes of his flute, an instrument which he played with much taste, having a very correct musical ear. That he composed many pieces between his twentieth and twenty-sixth year, is very probable, but none of them, with the exception of the one mentioned, seem to have passed beyond the circle of his immediate and intimate acquaintances. When he arrived at the age referred to, he was induced, in the year 1800, to visit England in company with a younger brother, in consequence of a report that the weaver loom-work for which the Paisley people were celebrated, had risen into great request in the south, and yielded high wages to the workmen. Preston was the destination of the brothers; but Robert, finding that no work was executed there of the desired description, went on to Bolton, where he found abundance of employment in the line he wished. The younger Tannahill, however, did not leave Preston during the whole of their stay in England, which extended to about two years, and was terminated by the intelligence of their father's serious illness. Leaving England immediately, the brothers arrived only in time to receive their parent's last words. After his death, the younger brother married, and Robert took up his abode with his mother, whom he affectionately tended and supported till the day of his death.

Increasing years had only strengthened Tannahill's special tendencies, and the knowledge of his habitual endeavours in this art, now spread more widely among his townsmen. He was fond of showing his compositions when finished and committed to paper, for, though modest even to excess, he had an ardent desire at heart of winning a name among his countrymen, and the first step to this end was the applause of his friends, which was very dear to him. Nor was this tribute withheld. Long before their publication in a regular form, several of his songs were popular in Paisley and its neighbourhood. In composing his pieces, Tannahill did not detract any thing from the time allotted to work. He had a small writing apparatus fixed by the side of his loom, and, as the verses came up in his thoughts, he secured himself against forgetfulness, by committing the rough draught of them to the sheet beside him. To this plan of operations he used to refer with triumph, when any of his friends challenged him for devoting his time to a profitless task.

Shortly after his return from England, Tannahill was fortunate enough to form the acquaintance, or rather to become the intimate friend, of the late R. A. Smith, a gentleman of distinguished musical reputation, and one of the few true Scottish composers of modern times. To Mr Smith the poet was indebted for the music of some of his finest songs, and for much, consequently, of their lasting popularity. Urged by this valuable assistant and other friends, Tannahill ventured on a step which his timidity and diffidence would have otherwise probably prevented him from taking. He published, in 1807, the first edition of his "Poems and Songs," with a simple, brief, and modest preface attached to them, of which the following sentence may be quoted as a specimen:—"When the man of taste and discrimination reads these pieces, he will no doubt find passages that might have been better, but his censures may be qualified with the remembrance that they are the effusions of an unlettered mechanic, whose hopes, as a poet, extend no farther than to be reckoned respectable among the minor bards of his country."

Though the public at the time was nauseated with imitations of Burns—generally styled "Poems in the Scottish Dialect," and very properly so, seeing that the dialect, and not what it conveyed, was the sole point in which they resembled their great original—Tannahill's little volume was favourably received. But its author became soon convinced of the imperfections of the work. "I am confident," he wrote to a friend, "had I waited a few years longer, I would have presented a volume less exceptionable." He did not make an idle lamentation over this error, but set assiduously about repairing it, by correcting his productions with a view to a second edition. At the same time, he continued unremittingly in the task, to him a labour of love, of fresh composition, commonly on occasional subjects. The degree of excellence to which he attained in song-writing, in particular, was very high. Love and nature were his inspirers, though it is understood that the fair objects of his amatory verse were generally imaginary. He at least celebrated them under imaginary names and in imaginary situations. "Jessie o' Dumblane" is an example of this; Tannahill never was at Dumblane, nor did he know any one from its neighbourhood. Though this fact takes away from his verses that charm of reality that almost uniformly attaches to those of Burns, yet we may be certain that Tannahill's colourings were drawn from existing objects, though he might mingle in one portrait the charms of many. "The Lass of Arantennie," however, was one instance in which he painted from a single original, the poet having seen the fair one on an excursion, during which he rested at the place described as her residence in the song.

"Some of the songs of Tannahill (it is well said by one of his biographers) may be pronounced to be the very perfection of song-writing, as far as that consists in the simple and natural expression of feelings common to all. They are eminently distinguished by elevation and tenderness of sentiment, richness of rural imagery, and simplicity of diction. The lyre of Scot-

land, in his hand, retained its native artless, sweet, and touching notes, and the hills and valleys of Scotland recognised and welcomed the Doric strain." It is almost superfluous to refer in proof of this to such strains as the "Braes of Gleniffer," "Gloomy Winter," the "Harper of Mull," and many others that are familiar to the Scottish ear as "household words." One little piece occurs to us, not so well known, and which we may present as a fine instance of the observant eye with which he looked on nature, and the clear, simple manner in which he embodied her images in song:—

The midges dance about the burn,
The dew drops begin to fa',
The patricks, down the rushy holm,
Set up their evening ca'.
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings thro' the briary shaw,
While, flitting gay, the swallows play
Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the golden gleaming sky
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains
To charm the ling'ring day:
While weary yeldrins seem to wall
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking thro' the thorn.
The roses fould their silken leaves,
The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honeysuckle, and the birk,
Spread fragrance thro' the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy cot
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple sweets that Nature metes,
Far dearer are to me.

We must return from Tannahill's songs to his life. The celebrity which the first publication of his songs brought to him, was never so pleasingly exemplified, he himself used to say, as when he heard a country girl, on one of his walks, singing a song of his to herself,

"We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burnside."

Alas! it would have been well if his popularity had been followed only by pleasures so harmless as this. But this was not the case. Visitors crowded upon him—strangers introduced themselves to him—and too frequently the tavern was made the bond to cement the newly formed acquaintance. Modest and enthusiastic, simple and confiding, Tannahill believed that all were equally sincere in their love of song as himself, and wanted fortitude, though he made many efforts, to resist such seductive intrusions, coming, as they did, under the guise of friendly sympathy, though too often the result of mere indiscriminate curiosity. He never, at any time, was addicted to drinking, yet his mind was gradually driven from its usual quietude, and his comfort disturbed, by the idle, and worse than idle, interruptions referred to. Besides, the slightest irregularity injured his health, and thus body and mind suffered from the same cause. He became peevish, and prone to imagine that his warmest friends intended him evil. The despondency to which he had been occasionally subject, became habitual, and his countenance assumed a pale emaciated look, that but too well corresponded with the feelings within.

Things were in this unhappy state when he offered a new collection of his Poems, corrected carefully by himself, and greatly enlarged, to Mr Constable of Edinburgh, for a very trifling sum. The proposition was unfortunately declined. This was the crowning blow, and, shortly after it occurred, he came to the resolution of burning all his papers. So unsparring was he in this resolve, that he requested his friends to give him up any scraps of manuscript he might have given to them. Weakened in judgment, wasted in body, and weighed down by the bitterness of disappointed hopes, he unhappily executed his purpose. All his corrected poems, with many original ones, were thrown into the flames, and lost to his country for ever!

On the day after his papers were destroyed, poor Tannahill showed such unequivocal proofs of a deranged state of mind, that his brothers were sent for in the evening to his mother's house, to watch over him. When they arrived, they found him sleeping, having been brought home from a considerable distance, by some friends who had observed his condition. Unwilling to disturb his repose, the brothers left the house again for a time. An hour afterwards, one of them returning, found the door open, and being immediately alarmed, rushed into Robert's room, and found his bed empty. Search was immediately made, and in the dusk of the morning the coat of the poet was found by the side of a pond, near Paisley, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found. This lamentable event occurred on the 11th of May 1810, when Robert Tannahill had arrived only at the age of thirty-six.

On reviewing the history of this man—one of nature's gifted children—it is impossible not to attribute his fate in some measure to a want of a due admixture of firmness and self-restraint in his temperament. The difficult and seductive position in which he was placed by his very genius and his fame, the sensitive ardour of his disposition, and the weakly constitution of his body—all these palliative circumstances ought to be taken into account, and a charitable and liberal allowance made for them; but still it would be improper, we imagine, to gloss over the falling or deficiency to which we refer, as having been instrumental in causing his sad end, for we would be thus hiding beneath the waters, as it were, the rock on which he struck, instead of placing a light upon it to be a beacon and a warning to others.

Tannahill's countenance was oval, and his brow open and well expanded. His look was more expressive of modesty than intelligence, and his whole bearing in society was reserved and diffident. He had a warm and affectionate heart, and his sympathies were ever with the poor and humble. To his powers as a poet, we have already made allusion, and need only repeat here, that, as a Scottish song-writer, he was admirable, and must be regarded as having no superior, but Burns. In other walks of poetry Tannahill did not succeed so well, though his largest piece, a pastoral drama called the "Soldier's Return," is pleasingly written, and some of his epigrams and addresses are light, pointed, and easy.

A FEW MORE DAYS IN IRELAND.

SIXTH ARTICLE.

In advancing out of Cunnemara towards Westport, we were surprised to find that, as the marks of cultivation increased, the road became worse. At length, in descending a steep place full of projecting rocks, a strap or girth in the horse's harness gave way, and the car falling towards my side, I was thrown out with some force, but no injury, lighting upon my hands and feet a little way in advance. My companion, on the other side, was only the more kept in; but he of course lost no time in freeing himself from the fallen vehicle, and we were glad to walk nearly the whole remainder of the way to Westport. We could not help remarking with gratitude the fine mutual adaptation of the roads and cars of Ireland, for if the former are bad, the others are low, so that, in case of any such accident as the above, the traveller has a remarkably short distance to fall. It is one instance at least of something like a right adjustment of things, in the country supposed to display every thing in a state of blunder or error. The bad road commences about four miles from Westport, and continues to get worse and worse up to the very town, where, just at the worst place of all, the stranger sees a remarkably neat suburban house, and, asking where it is, learns that it is the residence of the superintendent of the roads of the district. As a consolation if he has been shaken out of his carriage, and obliged to walk, he is told that a new and better line of road has for a long time been projected, but is delayed in consequence of local squabbling.

Westport is a pleasant-looking town, situated near the Marquis of Sligo's principal seat, within a short distance of the head of Clew Bay. From the situation of the town in a narrow valley, the sides of which are extremely steep, some of the streets are scarce fit to be traversed by carriages. In the principal and central one, situated on the sides of the river, the houses are handsome; and the clear running water, confined between quays, and skirted by rows of trees, confers upon it, as Mr Barrow has remarked, the appearance of a Dutch street. Mrs Robinson's hotel, which Mr Inglis speaks of as the best in Ireland, is here situated. It is a large well-built house, furnished in the most elegant manner, and provided in every way to the utmost satisfaction of the most fastidious traveller, while, in consequence of the Marquis of Sligo giving it rent-free, the charges are as moderate as in the plainest houses. The public room in which we dined contains some good pictures and a piano-forte; but it was sad, while enjoying the pleasures of so elegant a place—rendered doubly pleasant by its contrast with all our recent accommodations in Cunnemara—to have hordes of beggars beseeching us, through the windows, for alms. It is thus that every thing goodly and refined in Ireland appears to a stranger's eye as isolated amidst an ocean of misery, which presses in upon it on all sides. I was the more impressed with this idea next morning, while surveying the marquis's beautiful domain, where wretches of indescribable lineaments were hanging around the splendid doorway and esplanade, waiting, as a predecessor has remarked, for the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table. The house of luxury or even of moderate comfort appears, in this miserable country, like the lonely fort amidst the jungles of India, where a single step beyond the gate introduces the Briton to the savage and the beast of prey. The beggars who next morning waited for hours in front of the inn, in the hope of obtaining a trifle from some departing traveller, were at one moment, when counted by myself, fifty-three, and at another, when reckoned by my companion, fifty-seven, in number. There is no country in Europe which would present such a scene. Some of these mendicants were not so much clad as the simplest decency requires. Several led fatuous companions, or carried crippled relations, to increase their claims on the benevolence of strangers. I saw one who, at one moment, employed his hands in destroying the vermin by which he was infested, and the next used the same hands to tug at the elbows and attract the notice of one of a group of gentlemen standing at the inn-door. Is it humane or decent that such creatures should be as-

lowed to exhibit their misery and vileness in such a way? Is it proper that their support should be left to chance? In other countries, such specimens of the fatuous and hopelessly infirm as were here brought into immediate contact with us, are never seen; if humanity were silent on the subject, good taste would call for their seclusion—while it is very certain that for the confinement of the fatuous there is an additional reason, in the effect which the sight of such beings is apt to have in producing other beings resembling themselves.

From the high grounds near Westport, a view may be commanded of Claw Bay, which is one of celebrated beauty. It is full of islands, said to be three hundred and sixty-five in number—a term, however, which seems to be appropriated in Ireland for every considerable and not easily ascertainable number. The lofty outlines of Clare and Achill Islands, the largest of the set, and placed farthest out, give sublimity to this scene. Other features lend their aid. Close beside the south side of the bay rises Crough Patrick, the mountain formerly alluded to, above two thousand feet in height. To the north, but at a considerable distance from the bay, the Nephin, a grand solitary hill, 2700 feet in height, bounds the prospect. Archbishop M'Hale, already mentioned as one of the most distinguished of the Irish Catholic clergy, was the son of a small farmer at the bottom of the Nephin. It was only a few days before our visit, that he had made the remarkable boast, that he could return his two cow-boys, if he pleased, for his native county of Mayo—perhaps the most superb thing said by a churchman since the days of Wolsey. The population of the county of which this boast was made, is not much short of four hundred thousand, though it does not contain any town possessed of parliamentary privileges. It is indeed a remote and Highland county, with few large seats of population of any kind. Mr Maxwell's amusing work, entitled "Wild Sports in the West," refers chiefly to the county of Mayo.

We next day proceeded by the mail-coach to Castlebar, a distance of nine Irish miles. The road, like many other Irish roads, had hitherto pursued a straight course over an undulating country; but it was now in the course of being improved by the cutting down of the heights and filling up of the hollows, the carriage-way being in the meantime diminished to half its breadth, and sometimes carried over dizzy ledgeless ridges, and at others through something like narrow ditches. Though the coach had been overturned a few days before on this road, the driver went on in the most fearless style, and I am yet surprised that no accident occurred. The country here presents an extensive range of gently swelling grounds, all of them patched into small, but angular and well-defined fields, and of course indicating the presence of a horde of small farmers.

Castlebar, a town of six or seven thousand inhabitants, is externally distinguished only by the usual unhappy insignia of a barrack and jail, both of them on an uncommonly large scale. The latter is a new building, with the appearance of a vast fortress; but, on comparing it with the old and deserted jail, we found a mark of something like an improved state of things, in its only having two pullies for the execution of criminals, while the old building had six or seven. Lord Lucan's park, in the immediate neighbourhood of Castlebar, appeared to us to deserve the praise it usually obtains from tourists. At the time of our visit, potatoes were selling in this town at a penny farthing a stone, whereas they are often fourpence, and, in times of scarcity, even double that price. This cheapness was the consequence of the abundant harvest of 1837—a harvest which was remarked to have had no parallel in Ireland for twenty-five years.

Our onward journey by a common stage-coach to Ballina (pronounced *Ballináh*), conducted us for many miles over a flat, boggy, and uninteresting country; but we at length reached a place celebrated for its beauty. Loch Conn, a lake of fourteen miles in length, surrounded by rocky ridges, fertile slopes, and here and there a little wood, is crossed, at a place where it narrows to the breadth of a river, by the Pontoon Bridge, from which views of both the upper and lower divisions of this fine sheet of water are to be obtained. The lower division, along which the road skirts for some miles, appeared to us the finest. It contains an island, on which five agricultural families reside; a lovely place, and to all appearance not unfertile, yet the whole rent of it amounts to but ten pounds. It is said to be very convenient for illicit distillation, as "the Revenue" never can approach it without sufficient warning for the removal of all traces of the practice. Loch Conn is said by Mr Ingalls to ebb and flow regularly, though not at periods corresponding with the tides of the neighbouring sea, above the level of which it is elevated thirty feet. I was informed that this mysterious circumstance is after all a very simple one, being occasioned by variations in the discharge of water into the respective divisions of the lake. It is scarce possible, in so variable a climate, that the amount of rain in the neighbourhood of both lakes should be the same. When the rain which descends or flows into one lake exceeds that which descends or flows into the other, a current or tide takes place in the narrow channel of communication at the Pontoon Bridge. Such is the mystery of the Loch Conn tides.

In approaching Ballina in the afternoon, we sud-

denly found ourselves transported into a country where rusties ride on horseback, carrying their wives behind them. There was a market in Ballina, and the multitude of people returning from it thus mounted was beyond reckoning. Both man and wife, moreover, were dressed in a superior style to the peasantry of the more southern parts of Ireland. The men had their coarse corduroy breeches and blue and grey coats, and the women were wrapped in comfortable blue cloaks. Recollecting that we were now upon the road by which General Humbert penetrated the country in 1798, with his band of Frenchmen, when, after landing at Killala, he took possession of Ballina and Castlebar, I asked a road-contractor who had come up beside us, if any of the people of this district had joined that expedition; to which he replied in the affirmative, adding that *that man* (pointing to one riding past us with his spouse) had been amongst them. It was curious to feel one's self amidst a people who, though British like ourselves, had been in circumstances so different that they were disposed to welcome and support invaders whom the people of our own native district had resolved to bayonet man by man as they landed. The town, which is one of about six thousand inhabitants, we found thronged with the rural population, all of them, men and women, coarsely but comfortably dressed, and all engaged in marketing. There were vast numbers of pigs, each in general held by one man, by means of a string attached to one of the hind legs. There were few cows or sheep, but a considerable number of asses, and the appearance of these last animals was better than usual. The scene had that coarse higglety-pigglety air which becomes so familiar from frequency in Ireland. It was curious to remark, that, among the multitudes of women, scarcely one displayed the least share of good looks. Many of them must have been young, but no trace of the bloom and soft outline of youth was to be seen. The features were in general strongly marked, the skin coarse, the hair wild and inconducive to elegance, while the dress was nowhere such as to confer the graces which nature wanted. But these peculiarities are more calculated to awaken than to deaden the interest of a stranger. They are the unavoidable result of a harder labour, a poorer diet, and a greater exposure to the elements, than women ought to experience. We could not but see in this another and by no means unafflicting demonstration of the erroneous condition of Ireland.

The vast multitude of people collected in Ballina on this occasion, and thronging all the roads near it, impressed upon us very forcibly the extreme comminution of the land into small farms, and its teeming populousness. In addition to the numbers of the tenantry, their dresses, their riding double, and the aspect of their women, conveyed to my own mind a strong reflex of a former condition of rural Scotland—the Scotland of the early part of the last century, the days of hoddin grey and blue bonnets, of farms of ten acres and cot-like farm-houses, when as yet capital was not thought requisite for agricultural business. Robert Burns walked and worked on his farms of Lochlee and Mossiel in a dress very nearly the same as those which I saw universal amongst the peasantry of the north of Mayo.

Ballina is situated on the river Moy, a little above the place where it expands into Killala Bay. By means of a quay situated a mile down the river, it is a considerable seat of the export business of Ireland. The river, though probably unknown by name to one in a hundred of the people of England, is larger than many British rivers of no small reputation. Some of the streets of Ballina are handsome, and filled with good shops. In one humble-looking place of business, where books were sold, I remarked in the window, as a characteristic circumstance, a printed placard occupying a pane, and inscribed thus: "Processes, Decrees, Renewals, Dismissals, Ejectments, and Processes in general." There is a large and handsome Catholic chapel, of recent erection, and not yet quite finished.

The drive to Sligo next day (August 29) conducted us through an extensive bog, extending between the sea on the north and a range of mountains on the south. In many places, as elsewhere in this district, we saw good crops growing on what two years before had been a red bog. In approaching Sligo, the mountains surrounding it have a fine effect, especially one of them, which presents a bald and lofty front towards the ocean. We stopped seven miles short of Sligo, at Ballinadare, in order to digress to Markree Castle, the seat of Mr Cooper, M. P. for Sligo, well known as one of the most munificent private cultivators of science in the empire. His house is a large castellated mansion in the midst of an extensive and beautiful park, and at no great distance he has erected an observatory, containing, amongst other instruments, a telescope twenty-two feet long. The object-glass of this splendid tube is thirteen and a half inches diameter, being two and a half inches greater than that of Sir James South, and its cost was eight hundred pounds. Unfortunately Mr Cooper had gone to London, leaving the glass locked up. Every thing else was shown to us, and explained in an intelligent and polite manner, by Mr Cooper's groom, Samuel Hemans, who, strange to say, has been instructed by his master to make astronomical observations, and here leads a life of pure philosophy in Mr Cooper's absence.

At Ballinadare we stopped but a few minutes to see a series of fine bold rapids presented there by the course of a small river, and were then driven to Sligo, where

we arrived after nightfall, and took up our quarters in Mrs Ross's hotel. On inspecting the town next morning, we found it to be large, but remarkably dirty, and with an aspect of decay. There are some tolerable streets, filled with shops of respectable dimensions; but in these places of business it is possible to trace strong symptoms of declining trade. The confusion and dirtiness of shop-windows is an universal feature of Ireland. The gay printed coloured cards, announcing particular branches of business carried on, or particular kinds of goods sold within, and which have so tasteful an appearance in English shops, are there seen dirty and dishevelled, through panes obscured with dust and smoke, conveying a strong impression of the negligence of the traders. But we had nowhere seen these circumstances more strongly marked than in Sligo. The environs of this town are, however, very beautiful.

A long drive (August 30) brought us to Enniskillen, before reaching which we could observe a change take place in the aspect of both country and people. The farms became larger and more neatly cultivated, and the dress of the people was improved. On observing within a cottage a woman with a marriage ring upon her finger, I felt assured that we had entered upon a country entirely different in its economical features from that in which we had hitherto been sojourning. We were now approaching the seats of the English settlements of the seventeenth century, of which the town of Enniskillen is itself an example. This is a handsome town, delightfully situated amidst a group of those inland lakes which are spread in such numbers throughout Ireland. We did not, however, stop to inspect it, but drove on to Monaghan, where I spent the night and the greater part of the ensuing day. As we had now left the characteristic part of Ireland, it seems unnecessary to say more than that we proceeded by Armagh to Belfast, and there, on Friday, September 1, took shipping in the Rapid steamer for Glasgow.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT QUAKERS.

THE members of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they are more generally termed, form by far the most remarkable class of persons in the community. They obviously differ from every other order of men, either in past or present times, by having reduced to practice, on a general scale, those principles of morals which others, as a body, have in a great measure only talked about. Their practical adherence to a system of quiet orderly behaviour, their love of peace in the widest sense of the term, and humanity in relieving each other in cases of necessity, are all fine points of character, which we in vain search for among mankind generally, and which ought to extenuate a multitude of petty peculiarities or absurdities in matters of taste, or in fashion of speaking.

It is universally allowed, that duration of human life is a standard whereby to judge of the degree of civilization of a people. Savages are, in the main, short-lived; cultivated persons, who live on a rational principle, are, in the main, long-lived. Wild, reckless, and disorderly individuals, in these respects rank as savages. Meagreness of diet, dirtiness of person, wretched attire, addiction to drinking intoxicating fluids, and the ordinary attendants of these, vicious courses and distress of mind—all tend to shorten life. On the other hand, decent comfortable living, industrious habits, and serenity of mind, combine to extend the period of existence to its extreme limits. If any one doubt the general truth of this, he has only to inquire what is the length of Quaker life in comparison with that of ordinary life. He will find that Quaker life is far more valuable in point of duration than that of society at large. This is a very striking statistical truth—it is a truth which no species of sophistry can get the better of. As few have an opportunity of making inquiries of this nature, we beg to give a little information on the subject, which we happened lately to procure accidentally.

Some time ago, the members composing the Society of Friends became impressed with the conviction that they ought not to pay such high sums for life insurance as other persons, because, to the best of their belief, their lives were more valuable. In order to set this matter at rest, they instituted a rigid statistical inquiry relative to the Quaker population of several districts of England, we believe Lancashire, Middlesex, and Essex; thus affording an insight into the condition of a manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural population. The number of Quaker births, marriages, and deaths, the proportion of the deaths to the births, and other particulars, were carefully noted. When the Quaker census, as we may call it, was complete, it was compared with the census of the whole population of 1831, as well as with the usual tables of Life Assurance Societies. The result was what had been pretty confidently anticipated. Within a limited age, fewer Quakers die, in comparison to the number of births among them, than is the case with society at large. The following is a summary drawn from their tables, showing the numbers out of which one person dies at certain ages, among the people at large in England and Wales, and among the Society

of Friends. For the sake of perfect accuracy, we give the fractional parts along with each number:—

PROFILE OF ENGLAND AND WALES.		SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.	
Under 5 years	1 in 2-86867	1 in 4-53638	
5 and under 10	1 in 15-56867	1 in 22-29965	
10 and under 15	1 in 23-00126	1 in 24-94689	
15 and under 20	1 in 17-10489	1 in 20-43690	
20 and under 30	1 in 7-06193	1 in 9-17432	
30 and under 40	1 in 7-04344	1 in 8-01531	
40 and under 50	1 in 6-16045	1 in 6-85208	
50 and under 60	1 in 4-86201	1 in 5-09016	
60 and under 70	1 in 3-94807	1 in 3-14366	
70 and under 80	1 in 1-70290	1 in 1-70549	
80 and under 90	1 in 1-14903	1 in 1-12635	
90 and under 100	1 in 1-03307	1 in 1-01404	

It is seen by this table, that of infants under five years of age, 1 in about 24 dies among the people at large, while only 1 in 4 dies among Quakers; and so on there is a similar advantage, of children between five and ten years of age, 1 in 15 of the people, and only 1 in 22 of the Quakers; until the ages arrive at seventy and upwards, when the ratio of deaths is much the same in both cases. In order to receive the full benefit of this superior value of their lives, the Quakers have now an Assurance Society consisting entirely of their own members; and the premiums paid by them to assure certain sums payable at their decease, are consequently considerably lower than are ordinarily paid by life assurers. Quakers, by these arrangements, possess advantages which no other class of the community can command; for in general society, as regards life assurances, the well-behaved are ranked with the vicious, and must submit to pay high premiums accordingly. This is, however, no subject of inquiry at present. The point for consideration is the remarkable truth, that the Quakers have a much greater chance of surviving through the perils of infancy and middle age, than is the case with the bulk of society—a result which "speaks volumes" in favour of a peaceful and orderly mode of existence.

A pleasing account is given in a late number of a popular periodical,* of the character and habits of Quakers, by William Howitt, a distinguished member of the body. "The question is often asked (says the writer), How is it that Friends, in general, are so prosperous in the world?—that there is so little poverty in the Society? Nothing appears to me more obvious than the causes of this state of things; and as the answer to this question must consequently be very simple, we will proceed to it at once. Friends are generally successful in trade, because they are educated in a lively sense of the value of time: of the necessity of strict principle and punctuality in their dealings; of the propriety of being usefully employed; and of a total abstinence from a variety of amusements and pursuits, which contribute essentially to lighten the purses of a great part of the community. There is nothing which they more frequently hear commented upon, both at home and in their meetings, from the public preacher and from domestic lips, than the value and right employment of 'precious time.' They are taught to look upon time as one of those articles with the stewardship of which they are entrusted by their Creator, for which they will have to yield a rigorous and momentous account. It is a thing which they are made to feel is given to any individual but once in the whole range of eternity, and which is for ever flying before them to the place of judgment, to record its use or abuse in their hands. The right employment of their time, they are taught, consists in sedulously performing their duties to God and to their fellow-men. With their exclusively religious duties, we do not here concern ourselves; but their duties to their fellow-men, they rightly conceive to make part of their religion; and, amongst their fellows, their families, of course, claim their chief attention. There are no people who are taught to coincide more entirely with the Apostle in the opinion, that he who does not provide for his family is worse than an infidel. Accordingly, with these ideas of the importance of time, there is no other part of the community, of equal wealth, in which so many are engaged in trade. It may be said that scarcely an individual of the body but is, or has been, connected with some trade or profession. Being thus, on principle, where no actual necessity for it exists, engaged in trade—feeling it one of their highest duties to provide for the comfortable establishment of their children, and for the demands of philanthropy upon them—they pursue business with a steadiness unrivalled by any other class of persons; and they follow it, after it ceases to be in any other way necessary, from habit and liking for it; and their punctuality and strict attention to their word, give the public a confidence in them that is a sure passport to success. I do not mean to say that a Friend is necessarily honest and truth-speaking; but I will assert, from my own experience, that I have never found any other class of people equal to them as a body in these respects. I think it is a fact which must have been sorrowfully forced upon the knowledge of every one who has had much to do with men, that the want of punctuality, the want of strict integrity in making and keeping engagements, are amongst the curses of this country. With how few persons can you venture to treat, without trying them down, as you would the vilest knave! How few persons do you find whose word is actually their bond, when their interest is concerned! There are, undoubtedly, honest men in

all classes of the community; but I must confess that, in the majority of cases where I have trusted to the honour of men, and, more especially, companies of men, I have found cause to rue it; and I believe this is experience which most of us have purchased dearly. The cheap rate at which truth and honesty are held by us as a trading nation, is truly disgraceful.

A Friend has thus got some recommendations to the public patronage. He is diligent, because he values time; he is honest and he is punctual, from a life-long inculcated principle. You may find him at his post; you may bargain for a thing without fear of being grossly cheated. He will often stand up for a good price, because he knows his articles are good, and his reputation enables him to obtain what he demands; but he will not recommend that as excellent which is really bad. If you agree for the completion or delivery of an article at a given time, you may safely calculate that it will be so finished or delivered. If a Friend promises, he will perform; for he is taught that lying is one of the meanest of vices—that truth is sacred. I say again, I do not pretend that, in every instance, those in the Society are worthy of this character—after all our building and patching, poor human nature will often turn out a very indifferent thing; but I do mean to assert, that no society that I know any thing of, takes a tithe of the pains to make its members honest; and the world gives the Society credit for having, as a body, maintained the highest character for integrity—and the world decides as it finds. These, then, are great ingredients for success in trade; but these are not all. The Friends have separated themselves from the public on many points of religious principle, and have renounced, on that ground, many of its pursuits and pleasures. They are thus become a simple and domestic people; for, having abandoned almost all the expensive habits and recreations by which their neighbours spend their time and their money, they are thrown, in a great degree, upon business, as a mode of filling up their time. Thence they derive as tradesmen another great advantage: they not only devote to their business a greater proportion of their time than many others, but they give it an almost undivided attention. And does not all the world know the effect of that? What will not the whole time and whole attention of any one do? Is there a truer old saw, than that constant dropping wears away stone? People often wonder that shining abilities tell so little in trade, and that an almost utter destitution of common sense frequently tells so much. But shining abilities are given for higher purposes than those of trade; they are evidently out of their true element in a course of mediocre plodding—it is not their legitimate sphere, and they can no more find their natural food in it, than the swallow or cuckoo could find theirs here in winter. It is the eye everlastingly fixed on one spot that becomes familiar with it; it is 'the diligent hand which maketh rich.' It is incredible what a minute portion of brain is required to pile up a huge heap of gold, if it be fixed on that, and that alone. Well, then, the Friends have an education that gives them activity, application, and an attachment to business; which gives confidence in their integrity, and takes out of their track of accumulation rival propensities and seductions. They must, of necessity, under these circumstances, get money; and, having got, how are they to spend it? Is it on splendid houses and equipages—on liveries and armorial bearings—on numerous establishments—on attendance at the theatre, the opera—at races, clubs, balls, assemblies, routs—by magnificent entertainments to the titled and fashionable? Or is it on fine clothes, jewels, or the accomplishments of music, dancing, or painting—by field sports or games of hazard? From all these they abstain on religious conviction. These could not divert them from the acquisition of wealth—these could not retard or lessen that acquisition in its course; and, wealth being once acquired, the only difficulty is to say how it shall be prevented from becoming enormous. Friends live in good houses, and have them well and even elegantly furnished; but then they indulge in none of those articles which absorb the greatest sums of money. Their dresses are simple: what can they spend on them compared to what fashionable people do? They keep no caskets of jewellery, to blaze in drawing-rooms and at levées. They have no costly pianos or harps, guitars or violins. They avoid as vanity carving and gilding, and the Babylonish glare of gaudy colours in curtains, hangings, and canopies. Seldom do satins and damasks, much less gold and silver tissues, flame on their chairs, couches, and ottomans; and as for those glorious ornaments of walls, paintings, by masters old or new, in which lies often more capital than in the houses which hold them, or even the estates on which those houses stand—why, they have none of them—no, not even a framed engraving, in nine out of ten cases, except the West Family, Penn's Treaty with the Indians, and the portrait of Thomas Clarkson. What sums do they save in what are called accomplishments—in teaching children music, singing, dancing, fencing, drawing, painting, languages, and a dozen other things, which are now drilled into the young, without the slightest regard to capacity, taste, or future requirement! What sums do they keep out of the hands of opera-dancers and singers, actors, musicians, drill-masters, keepers of taverns and clubs. They have one member in Parliament; but there is no chance of their being brought to spend their ten or twenty thousand pounds at an election; for they have a conscience

against bribery and drunkenness, and, moreover, are not fond of turning night into day. Besides, they are educated in such quiet habits, and are so warned against every thing like vehemence of feeling or action, that they shrink from strong excitement, and would cut no figure as orators. They can and will steadily follow up in a quiet way any object that interests their human sympathies; and, like the tortoise, though slow, will come up with it in time, as in the case of slavery, or in resisting priestly oppression. But they are seldom to be found thundering at political dinners, and would look oddly enough in the violence of a Parliamentary debate. You see their comfortable carriages and goodly horses, but you see no richly emblazoned arms. The heralds might starve for them. They are nearly all advocates of temperance societies—are, three-fourths of them, tea-totalers, and drink coffee instead of wine: how are the wine-merchants and brewers to be benefited by them? Very few of them hunt or sport—none of them race: how can they then spend money in horses of L.1000 each; in Joe-Mantons, of fifty guineas each; in dogs, of fifty or a hundred guineas; in guns and ammunition; in keepers, grooms, jockeys, and all the public and private taxes thereunto belonging? As to war, whether on land or water, whether ostensibly for the honour of king or country, they do not believe it to be for the honour or good of either: therefore, how can they purchase commissions, or sport splendid uniforms? They seldom run the risk of having no home by having two or three. They live pretty steadily in town or in country; and as to gambling, they altogether eschew it, except in that legalised and merchant-like species, called stock-jobbing. Will any man tell me then how they are to get rid of their money? When people wonder that they thrive in trade and get rich, the great wonder seems to be, really, how they are, without great ingenuity, to avoid it.

The greatest danger which attends this state of things, is that of fostering a worldly spirit, and of bringing upon the possessors some of the worst evils of wealth, without its splendour and elegancies. And this is, in fact, the besetting sin of the Society. Many and repeated are and have been the warnings of the yearly meeting on this subject—and which may be found duly recorded in their Book of Extracts, or, as it is now called, the Book of Advice, or the Book of Discipline, that is, the book of the laws of the Society—for Friends to be moderate in their desires; to withdraw from trade, when they have got enough! and make way for others. But it must be confessed that this advice is the least attended to of any.

And now let it not be supposed that the life of a Friend has no charms. It is a circle contracted, yet full of quiet comforts. It is the paradise of the peaceful and the domestic—of those who shrink from the vanities and the stir of the world, and who love to go through the earth in a plentiful tranquillity. The slave, the Indian, the prisoner, the penitent sinner, and the unhappy and sinned against, children and adults who need instruction and reformation, who need food or clothing, employment in health, medicine in sickness, comfort in distress, all these are the objects of their care, and the subject of their conversation. It is curious to go into some of their families and see the articles of dress that are making—the books that are piled up for distribution—the tracts and pamphlets that young women are stitching, or folding, for the same purpose. There are no people who are oppressed in any part of the world—the Negroes, the Indians, the Caffres, the Poles—but they are their FRIENDS; there is no national scheme in operation for the relief of misery, the dissipation of ignorance, the destruction of the grand fallacies of war and political expediency, but they are engaged in it—it is their business and their topic. If we except missionary projects—from which their peculiar religious views have in a great degree restrained them—there are scarcely any Societies, Bible, Tract, Peace, Temperance, Anti-Slavery Societies, that they are not active members and supporters of. From the very origin of this Society, this has been a feature of it, which has never, for a moment, become less prominent. It is of these things that they a great deal converse; and it is on these, and such as these, that they spend that money which is saved from theatres and operas—from the clubs and gaming-tables; and it must be confessed that there is something beautiful in the appropriation of that expense to the soothing of human ills, and the raising of the human character, which they deny to fashion, splendour, and dissipation. When I have been, on some occasions, induced to accuse them of unnecessary scrupulosity, of undue crushing down of the imagination, of injurious taming and contracting of the feelings—here is the part of their character—the breaking forth of their feelings again, in a noble and perpetual stream—the evidences of the clinging of their imaginations to the struggles and cries of humanity in all its trials and its abodes, however distant—which has induced me to give full testimony to these as highly redeeming qualities, for they are full of the poetry of Christianity. For this generous and unwearied philanthropy, they deserve the highest honour; and I am inclined to believe, after all, notwithstanding the apparent insipidity of their mode of life—notwithstanding the energies they subdue, and the excitements they avoid—that the purity and benevolence of their spirits bring them far nearer to happiness than all the fascinations they renounce do those who embrace them."

* *Tal's Edinburgh Magazine*, for October.

REJECTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

THERE is a class of persons so eager and unremitting in their desire to have their compositions inserted in our columns, that our powers of resistance are at length worn out, and we have come to the resolution of according to some of these communications the publicity which their authors so ardently long for. A two-fold end, we imagine, may possibly be served by this. In the first place, to ordinary readers of the Journal, the appearance in it, certainly, of such pieces, will be a novelty; and, in the second place, we would fain hope that the difficulty which the authors themselves will find in reading, or at least in understanding, their own productions, even with all the advantages of print and good paper, may tend to the saving of much unnecessary labour in future to more parties than one.

Taking one communication of the kind we refer to, from the heap where all lie promiscuously together, good, bad, and indifferent, we find that it proves to be the production of a youngster, who, with a degree of self-knowledge wonderful in one of his years, thus expresses himself in the enclosing sheet:—"Mr Editor, will the effusions of a fool be acceptable?" The effusion referred to runs as follows:—

"Ode to a Belle.

Most delightful of girls,
Who becometh good pearls;
What delight to behold,
One so young and unold.
Some in stations of life,
Although higher, with strife,
In beauty below these,
Sweet belle do you love me?
No one doth equal thee,
Full of life and of gloe,
Never did I yet see,
Deatious and sweet as thee."

The next piece which comes to our hand, beats the above hollow—in what qualities we will not say. It is a letter upon tight lacing, and of its style and execution, the concluding sentences will be a sufficient specimen—sufficient, at least, we are certain, for the patience of our readers. Its author, it will be seen, is equally skilful in prose as in verse.

"The writer will now draw into a Conclusion in the full hopes that you will gather the for said fragments into wone Bundel, and that you will not fail in painting them in ther full Coulers to met the approbation of your Readers that ther meairts may be fully Injoyed to the Publick at large it is not done with any Party Spirit nether will I receive honour nor yet Intrest in the matter referred too Permitt me to add that we being the male Party are made all Instrumets to correct the Femel Seck when Nessecety do require but we will not in any wies Permitt ourselves to Dress them.

They have sought for ther Pleasur
Ther mindes to refine
Lett them Vew ther Tight Lacing
With Measerey Combined."

Before taking leave of us, the writer of the preceding lines tells us something about himself. He says he was born in "lurel life, on the banks of the river Teveot, whose cheaf occupation in his youthfull days were tending his father's flocks," &c. Can any body tell us who was the father of the river Teviet? No doubt, like the supposed dad of young Norval, whose occupation consisted also in tending his father's flocks, the paternal ancestor of the Teviet was a "rural (or according to the orthography above, a *lurel*) swain." But enough of this correspondent.

The next on which we light turns out to be a gentleman who calls himself "Hog's favourite." The piece begins thus—style and every other particular preserved, as in the preceding cases:—

"An Elegy
written extempore
Hogs race is run
Hogs fate is won
And may his soul
To Heaven have gon.

"Gentleman reading in your journal to-night Mr Hogg's Candlemaker Row festival I sit myself down and rote the enclosed nearly extempore Hog's favourite has I think about one hundred Poems composed all original if you wish further information please mention in your Journal." Turning to the other side, we find the following (verses):—

"In the second of September you relate
A festival given by Hogg of his fate
You raise him up and rank him high
For his candour and good ability
The warm sentiments you represent
Does screw the heart-strings very bent
To think of the Shepherd on the hill
And see him wander on Ettrick Vale
To see him in this City Town
And in Wattson's Inn sit down
To know the race that he has run
And the Honors he has won
To ken his favourite Poet Boy
I think no one Kems that but I
This Boy a volume of Poems has rote
All lying at home just good for nought
When this Boy heard of his master's Doom
He pressed with his breast his greasy tomb
Then cried aloud O Hogg O Hogg
I hope Thoutart sleeping with thy God."

It is impossible for us, or for our readers either, we imagine, to tell who "Hog's favourite Poet Boy" is, or whether he is even the writer of the above. From other two letters in the same hand, which accompanied the one now copied, it is equally difficult to gather any

thing. The poetry is of the same cast with the preceding, and as for the prose, here is part of the second letter:—"If you could mention in your journal any encouragement I perhaps could cite A few more in any strain you might adopt Hogg's Old favourite Poet Boy some time Ago would hardly lend his Book he refused or rather said he would not for fifty pounds that about thirty of his first Poems was destroyed he mentioned the circumstance to myself one day when I was bent for them to my possession if you wish I could favour you with A reading of them I think in inserting & recommending you will much oblige Gentleman I will give you My Address if you approve of them." A few verses from the second communication may be given, to show that all are alike.

"In Chambers Journal I observed
Poetry worth great reward
And tales and stories new and old
Which has informed young and old
I'll tell ye how I cam to see one
Twice in an old Kirkyard Biggen
As Will and I was sitting watching
And by the ingle sitting fasting
He drew your Journal frae his pocket
And read away like ony critic," &c. &c.

Now, having thus satisfied "Hog's Old Favourite Poet Boy," by giving a sample of his compositions in the Journal, we think we may candidly ask him if he saw or heard any thing like this in the paper which the critic pulled from his pocket in the "auld kirkyard Biggen?" We may put a similar question to the gentleman who has just sent us the following:—

"Glasgow Greenhead Well, a True Love Song.

Wrote on May-day, 1837.

My love did live in a garden,
Which is as broad, as it is long,
Yet I am sure she was never,
But once, before now in a song.

My love is of a gentle make,
With a black and a rolling eye,
It's for her sake I am love sick,
And it's for her sake I will die.

After a ten years' acquaintance,
I made too sure she would be true,
Yet alas in my short absence,
How soon, very soon she did rue.

I was but a few months in trouble
When I could not go, her to see,
And before I was well again,
To another married was she.

On squire Johnston's seat in sorrow deep,
I'll now mourn o'er Clyde's silver stream,
That life and love, that life and love,
That life and love, is all a dream.

Squire Johnston's seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pres'd by me,
And Greenhead well shall be my drink,
Since her I love has forsaken me.

Since her I love, since her I love,
Since her I love, has forsaken me,
The Greenhead well shall be my drink,
Since her I love has forsaken me.

Gentlemen, This is a true love affair,
Between a lady, and a squire,
And if you think such rhyming ware,
Fit in your Journal to appear,
You are at liberty to print it,
But never say that I sent it."

There is a touch of modesty in the last line of the preceding piece, but it is rendered rather equivocal by the circumstance of the writer's not having put it in our power to do what he thus forbids.

The next piece which comes to our hand it is almost painful to us to present, but we will persist in our purpose, in the hope that the authors of similar things will be convinced, on seeing specimens in print, of the utter fruitlessness of offering them for approval or publication. We assure our readers that not a letter of the original manuscript of the following is changed.

"To Mr Willan and Robert Chambers. Althow I am not a subscriber for your Journal ther is fow of them that I have not Read and hes Received Menay yowsfow Infirmintions from them it was onlay Last wick that I fell in with that Nwumber that gaves swm account of the vrelab Clumbws I Hapned to fall in with his Deaning wovrds and I thought so mwch of them that I wrot them down Althow I did not no the Careter of the worthise Cristen Colwmbws I have sent them to yow in case they had never falling in to yowr hand as there cant Bee tow mwch sad of swch a Careter as The Inmartle Colwmbws Althow dead yet squketh." This letter is followed by a copy, in the same orthography, of some lines on the death of Columbus.

We repeat, that it is distressing to have to check people who write, as most of such correspondents do, with a friendly purpose, but it is obvious that their labour is altogether in vain, not to speak of that which is entailed by such proceedings on us. When, we ask again, did the person who sends the subjoined lines "on seeing a lady's bonnet hung out to scare crows"—when did he or she ever see any thing like them in the columns of the present periodical?

"In my happy youthful days
I oft got plenty of praise,
And never made any foes,
But was courted by the beaux.
They all followed me keen,
Long before I was sixteen.
To laugh and sing was my play
Filled I was with mirth and joy.
But now I'm passed all use
And sit only for abuse,
In the place where I was born
And now all shattered and torn,
I'm exposed to scold and scorn
To defend the rising corn,

I who allured all the beaux
Now fright away all the crows
And forsaken by my joes
I'm made the subject of blows
This is half of my woes."

It would be of little service, perhaps, to continue these specimens further. It is possible that many who are given to the composition of occasional verses, may think, and with truth, that their productions are of a higher order than such as these. But then it must be recollected, that between the territories of good and bad poetry, there lies the vast land of mediocrity, in the mazy plains and swamps of which the followers of the muses are most apt to wander and to lose themselves; and it must moreover be remembered that the adage of Horace has ever been held a true one—"mediocre (or middling) poetry is a thing endurable neither by gods nor publishers." Another adage of the old poet may be given in the way of advice:—"keep your compositions in your desk for nine years," and if at the end of that time they still appear to you good, then let the world know of them.

Begging all aspirants, young or old, who thirst for publicity, to think of these things seriously, we bid them farewell. To this subject it is improbable we shall ever advert again.

SCOTCH FIR.

Mr S. Menteth of Closeburn has been in the habit of steeping in lime-water the Scotch fir he used in building the numerous farm-houses and cottages he has erected upon his estate of Closeburn during the last forty years. Many of the roofs of houses that were built upon the estate before that time have been renewed. Scotch fir is known to last in the roofs of houses little more than thirty years before it is destroyed by worms, which live upon the saccharine matter in the sapwood of Scotch fir, as well as other kinds of wood. Mr Stuart Menteth lately examined a roof made of Scotch fir, not more than twenty-eight years' growth, which he had erected not more than forty years since; the wood is perfectly free of worms, and is as sound as the day it was first made use of. The method adopted at Closeburn is, first to cut out the wood for the purposes required, and to allow it to be soaked in a solution of lime-water for ten days or a fortnight before it is employed in roofing, joisting, &c. The lime-water is made of caustic lime, or fresh slaked lime, and is supposed to extract or absorb the saccharine matter in the white wood, and also to destroy the eggs in the wood that afterwards become worms, and destroy the wood. The house examined is that of the clerk's at Closeburn lime-works, and may be seen by any person who has the curiosity to examine it.—*Dunfries Times*.

THE GAME OF KINGCRAFT.

There was one Ferguson, an intimate friend of King James I., who, being about the same age, had been a play fellow with him when they were young, came with him into England, and extending the rights of friendship to far, frequently took the liberty of advising, and sometimes admonishing, or rather reproving, his sovereign. He was a man truly honest; his counsels were disinterested at any view of himself, having a patrimony of his own. The king was however often vexed with his freedoms, and at length said to him, between jest and earnest, "You are perpetually censuring my conduct; I'll make you a king some time or other, and try." Accordingly, one day the court being very jovial, it came into his majesty's head to execute this project; and so calling Ferguson, he ordered him into the chair of state, bidding him "there play the king," while on his part he would personate "John Ferguson." This farce was in the beginning very agreeable to the whole company. The mock sovereign put on the airs of royalty, and talked to those about him in a strain like that of the real one, only with less pedantry. They were infinitely pleased with the joke, and it was perfect comedy, till the unlucky knave turned the tables and came all of a sudden to moralise on the vanity of honour, wealth, and pleasure; to talk of the insincerity, venality, and corruption of courtiers and servants of the crown; how entirely they had their own interests at heart, and how generally they pretended zeal and duty were the disguise of falsehood and flattery. The discourse made a change in some of their countenances, and even the real monarch did not relish it altogether; he was afraid it might have some effect on his minions, and lessen the tribute of adulation they were used to offer with great profusion, when they found how this wag observed and animadverted upon it. But the monitor did not stop here; he levelled a particular satire at the king, which put an end to the entertainment, and made his majesty repent of his introducing it, some foreigners of distinction being present; for it painted him in his true colours, as one that never "loved a wise man, nor rewarded an honest one," unless they sacrificed to his vanity; while he loaded those who prostituted themselves to his will, with wealth and honours. For the mimic, pointing directly to James (who was personating Ferguson), raising his voice, "There," said he, "stands a man whom I would have you to imitate. The honest creature was the comrade of my childhood, and regards me with a most cordial affection to this very moment; he has testified his friendship by all the means in his power studying my welfare, guarding me from evil counsellers, prompting me to princely actions, and warning me of every danger; for all which, however, he never asked me any thing, and though I squandered thousands upon thousands on several of you, yet in the whole course of my life I never gave him a farthing." The king, nettled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson, "Fugh! you pawky loun, what would you be at!—awa! aff my throne and let's hae nae mair o' your nonsense."

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